

4 *The Two Noble Kinsmen*

2. *Qu.* Honoured *Hypolita*  
Most dreaded *Amazonian*, that ha'st slaine  
The Sith-tuskd-Bore; that with thy Arme as strong  
As it is white, wast neere to make the male  
To thy Sex captive; but that this thy Lord  
Borne to uphold Creation, in that honour  
First nature stilde it in, shrunke thee into  
The bownd thou wast ore-flowing; at once subduing  
Thy force, and thy affection: Soldireffe  
That equally canst poize sternenes with pittie,  
Whom now I know hast much more power on him  
Then ever he had on thee, who ow'st his strength,  
And his, Love too: who is a Servant for  
The Tenour of the Speech. Deere Glasie of Ladies  
Bid him that we whom flaming war dorth scorch,  
Vnder the shaddow of his Sword, may coole us:  
Require him he advance it ore our heades;  
Speak't in a womans key: like such a woman  
As any of us three; weepe ere you faile; lend us a knee;  
But touch the ground for us no longer time  
Then a Doves morion, when the head's pluckt off:  
Tell him if he i'th blood eizd field, lay swolne  
Showing the Sun his Teeth; grinning at the Moone  
What you would doe.

*Hip.* Poore Lady, say no more:  
I had as-leife trace this good action with you  
As that whereto I am going, and never yet  
Went I so willing, way. My Lord is taken  
Hart deepe with your distresse: Let him consider:  
He speake anon.

3. *Qu.* O my petition was *kneele to Emilia*  
Set downe in yce, which by hot greefe uncandied  
Melts into drops, so sorrow wanting forme  
Is prest with deeper matter.

*Emilia.* Pray stand up,  
Your greefe is written in your cheeke.

3. *Qu.* O woe,  
You cannot reade it there; there through my teares,

Like

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Like wrinkled peobles in a glasse streame  
You may behold 'em (Lady, Lady, alacke)  
He that will all the Treasure know o'th earth  
Must know the Center too; he that will fish  
For my least minnow, let him lead his line  
To catch one at my heart. O pardon me:  
Extremity that sharpenes sundry wits  
Makes me a Foole.

*Emili.* Pray you say nothing, pray you,  
Who cannot feele, nor see the raine being in't,  
Knowes neither wet, nor dry, if that you were  
The ground-peece of some Painter, I would buy you  
T'instruct me gainst a Capitall greefe indeed  
Such heart peirc'd demonstration; but alas  
Being a naturall Sister of our Sex  
Your sorrow beates so ardently upon me,  
That it shall make a counter reflect gainst  
My Brothers heart, and warme it to some pittie  
Though it were made of stone: pray have good comfort.  
*Thef.* Forward to'th Temple, leave not out a lot  
O'th sacred Ceremony.

1. *Qu.* O This Celebration  
Will long last, and be more costly then,  
Your Suppliants war: Remember that your Fame  
Knowles in the eare, o'th world: what you doe quickly,  
Is not done rashly; your first thought is more.  
Then others laboured medittance: your premeditating  
More then their actions: But oh Iove, your actions  
Soone as they mooves as Asprays doe the fish,  
Subdue before they touch, thinke, deere Duke thinke  
What beds our slaine Kings have.

2. *Qu.* What greifes our beds  
That our deere Lords have none.

3. *Qu.* None fit for'th dead:  
Those that with Cordes, Knives, drams precipitance,  
Weary of this worlds light, have to themselves  
Beene dearthes most horrid Agents, humane grace  
Affords them dust and shaddow.

1. *Qu.* But our Lords

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Lie